

# THE QUIVER

— Saturday, February 29, 1868. —



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE.)

“‘They seem to go better,’ said Polly.”—p. 370.

## THREE DAYS IN JENNY'S LIFE.

**F**IVE o'clock; the table laid; the meal prepared; the kitchen in order; no Polly.

“How late Polly is!” the father said to his daughter. “Polly is always late.”

But even as he spoke, there stood in the doorway, bonnet in hand, bright sunlight in her steps, Polly—who was always late.

Her long black hair, gathered up at the top of

her head with a broad blue ribbon, had escaped from its fastening, and now fell tumbling down her back, a curly mass, in picturesque confusion. Her coquettish dark eyes, so veiled with long eyelashes as to seem almost black, were soft or bright as the girl's heart prompted; and her well-cut little mouth was filled with strong, white teeth, in themselves no small beauty.

Of her skin, Polly herself thought but slightly, it was so much browner than the ladies at the Hall; but there were those who admired its velvet bloom, and approved of the roses that blushed on her cheeks. Among them were to be included all the males in the little seafaring town, from the clergyman down to Roger, the fisherman's son, next door.

The clergyman's wife, indeed, said she thought more highly of Jenny, Polly's elder sister, and Roger's mother could "see nought in the gad-about wench;" but the lords of the creation stuck to their creeds, and Polly held her own among the fish-girls.

"Too bad, Polly," said her father. "Where have you been all day? It's little enough work you do. Jenny 'ull slave herself to death."

"No, father, I like the work," said Jenny, softly; and her sister corroborated the statement.

"Where have you been, Polly? Talking to the boys by the sea, and nothing to eat since the morn'?"

But Polly was too busy to answer. She tossed her bonnet and cloak in a heap on the floor, to be picked up and hung away tidily by Jenny; and was drawing the plate of fresh shrimps towards her, when a low, uncertain knocking caused them to pause—all, indeed, except Polly—and look at the closed door for information.

"It's Roger," said Polly, springing up from her seat, and letting the shells all down on the floor. "Ah, Jenny! wait. Let me—"

Here Polly became inaudible. The sentence was finished by a gesture.

Taking out a brush from her pocket—where no brush should have been—she wound the long hair round her head like a wreath, and stuck in hair-pins to any amount.

Then Jenny opened the door.

Behind it, uncomfortably balanced on one leg, the picture of rustic confusion and distress, stood a young fisherman, who, finding himself thus suddenly exposed to view, took a step forward into the room, and leered at Polly. But that young lady was quite unconscious. She had resumed her evening meal, and was unaware of any intruders.

"Polly, here's Roger," said Jenny. "Don't you speak to him?"

"Roger!" said Polly, lost in astonishment, "who'd ha' thought it? Been to the fair, Roger?"

"And brought this," exhibiting a pair of large blue shell earrings, very grandly set in "gold-work." "Polly, I thought maybe *you'd* take 'em."

"I!" said Polly, virtuously surprised, eyeing the baubles, with her hands behind her back. "I wouldn't take 'em from Jenny—of course you got 'em for Jenny, Roger—for—for anything in the whole world. Now, it's no use speaking," said Polly, "because I wouldn't do it."

Polly, looking at this minute inclined for an argument, her sister and Roger assisted her to her wishes.

"Polly—why, Polly darling, you're unkind! What do I want with fairings, only to know as how Roger thought of me?"

"That's all," said Roger, looking sheepish. "Take 'em, Polly."

"If I thought," said Polly, not exactly giving way, but certainly coming round by degrees, "as how they wouldn't suit Jenny, even, but—Jenny, put 'em in; let's see how they look."

So Jenny, after a faint protest, which was overruled by the imperious Polly, obeyed, and put Roger's fairing in her ears.

"If you ask me," said Polly, when nobody made a remark; "no, I don't. Every one has their tastes, of course, and I *don't* like that bright blue against Jenny's hair and eyes."

"Now it's your turn, Polly," said Jenny, not one whit irritated by the very doubtful compliments she had read in their eyes; and Polly turned round transformed.

"They seem to go better," said Polly, trying very hard to look modest, and failing very signally; "I suppose it's having dark eyes."

I suppose it was; either that or something else, for Polly had a way of looking well in everything. Blue was her colour, but no one would ever have thought so who had once seen her in pink, or grey, or mauve.

"Polly," said her father, when the meal was over, and Jenny was putting the things in their places, "wilt come and walk a bit on the shore? Art tired, lass?"

No, Polly was never tired. She put on the cloak again, and, taking the bonnet by the strings (Polly had a peculiar objection to putting it on, aware, perhaps, that to hide any portion of so sweet a face was a sin not to be warranted by any circumstances whatsoever), slipped her arm through her father's, and they sallied forth for their evening walk.

Jenny and Roger were alone in the kitchen; and the clock ticked, and the cat slept, and the light of day died a natural death, and they neither of them spoke a word. Jenny moved about the kitchen quietly, putting the place into apple-pie order, and then, her night's work over at last, sat

down by the fire, rather white in its ruddy glow. Then Roger, who had been shifting from one leg to another, with the exact alternation of one minute between each uneasy movement, felt that something was expected of him, and, getting himself up by degrees to the back of her chair, imprinted on her forehead a loud-sounding kiss, which, vibrating through the kitchen, woke the cat, causing her to change sides before the fire.

Jenny put up her hands before her face, not in shyness or coquetry, but very sadly, and—"Roger," said she, "you mustn't do that; never no more, Roger; never, never, never again."

Roger taking this for an invitation—which, indeed, it would have been had Polly been the speaker—instantly gave her two more, and inwardly congratulated himself on his "pluck."

"No, Roger—no!" said Jenny, turning round at him, and catching at his two hands passionately, but speaking in a voice which her own earnestness had rendered steady and distinct; "all that is over now. It's not me as you love now, and you mustn't treat me as if it was. It isn't that, Roger (as Roger just glanced at the earrings, that still lay where Polly had left them, on the kitchen dresser, in close conjunction with Polly's brush, and a perfect tribe of Polly's hair-pins). I've known it this long, long time—ever since Polly came home: and Roger—Roger dear, you mustn't think as how I blame you, or—or think hard things."

Jenny's little speech was over. She had broken the tie that bound them together. She broke off abruptly, dropped her hands in her lap, and her eyelashes over her eyes, and leant back in her chair, paler than ever in the bright reflection the wood-fire threw on her face.

Then Roger found his voice. "Jenny," he said, "maybe I'm a fool; it's like enough, for I feel here" (here was his waistcoat, which Roger thumped vigorously, meaning Jenny to infer he alluded to his heart) "that she aint half what she should be, aint half what you be, Jenny; but—but, I can't help it, Jenny, I do love her; though," said Roger, wishing to wind up with an apology, and evidently thinking he had found a good one, "I really don't know why."

"Polly is Polly," said Jenny, in simple explanation; "but we've no call to talk of this any more. It's all over between us now, Roger, for ever and ever; but you must mind as how I say no word of Polly. If so be as how it's to be, you and she will hit it off together."

"And you won't be against saying a word for a fellow once and again?" said Roger, seeking to detain her, as she made as though she would pass from the kitchen. "I've not behaved well I know, Jenny, but when things go so far, they—they usually go still further," said Roger, losing

himself in difficulties, and breaking down ignominiously in the very strength of his argument.

"Roger, Roger, let me go."

"One moment, Jenny; only say——"

"Roger, I have loved you, and I love Polly. If I see as how you are set on each other, I'll try and help you both with father."

Then Jenny made for the open door, and fairly ran out of the room.

Up the old stairs, holding on to the wooden bars, went Jenny, mechanically repeating to herself her own heart's death-warrant: "It's all over between us now, Roger, for ever and ever." Her room once gained—the room she shared with Polly—she sat down on a low box by the window, and "began from the beginning." How she had first come to know him; how he had gradually begun to come to the cottage; how it had grown to be a settled thing that he should so come; how the "day" was soon to have been fixed; how Polly had come home. Never any further. That point once reached, Jenny began again. Over, and over, and over again. Like a child conning an unwelcome lesson, the words of which it knows full well, but whose sense it cannot yet master. She sat thus by the open window, telling herself sad secrets, till the night air blew cold on her flushed face and chilled frame, and the snow, that had at first fallen lightly, covered the earth like a pall. Then Jenny rose. Something heavier than snow—something colder than snow—something more like a pall, crushing out her heart; her whole life (so it then seemed to Jenny) spoiled for ever.

This was one day in Jenny's life. Here is another:—

Coming into the kitchen one afternoon, some six months after the snow had lain on the earth, Jenny found Roger very red, and uncomfortable, and evidently expounding to Polly. Polly, on her part, was tilting back in a chair, affecting intense denseness, and looking more than usually pretty. Then, "Jenny," said Roger, "wilt go away a bit? I've summat to say to Polly."

So Jenny went away, closing the door behind her, and sitting down on the wooden stairs outside it, told herself other and yet sadder secrets.

"Polly," said Roger, when they found themselves alone, "I wish for to court you, and I don't know how."

This, as every one knows, was merely a remark, and required no answer. Polly therefore gave it none. Roger had to begin again.

"I'm not generally back'ard, Polly," he went on, thereby showing his opinion of himself differed slightly from the one held of him by others, "but you seem to take so much out of a fellow."

Another statement which required no comment.

Polly unwound the ribbon at her waist, and tied it again in an elegant bow.

"Polly," said Roger, driven to despair, "what I mean for to say is, I love you."

Here Roger came to such a regular pause, and so clearly expressed his intention of saying no more, that Polly at last thought it safer to speak, lest the subject should haply drop to the ground.

"Not me, Roger," said Polly, looking at the cat, as if she wished him to infer she believed his affections to be fixed on that household pet; and Roger accepted the challenge.

He got up from his chair, put his arm round her waist, and the elegant bow came all untied, and the long pink ends dragged on the floor. Then all was as good as settled, when Roger, very red and happy, held Polly in his arms, an enchanting vision, with rose-coloured blushes all over her face, and rose-coloured ribbons all over her gown.

Presently Polly, who, finding this to be no time or place for coquetry, probably felt out of her element, made an indistinct allusion to Jenny, and took herself and her rose-coloured ribbons out on to the stairs. But the stairs, though highly suited to Jenny, with her steady little face on her hands, and her desolate little figure in its thick stuff dress, became of a sudden inappropriate, when Polly brought out all her fine colours, and spread them on the wooden boards, with immense success, as regards effect.

"Jenny," said Polly, sitting close up against her sister, and speaking in the pettishly-caressing voice that was peculiar to her, and was perhaps her greatest charm, "Roger wants me to go away and leave you—and leave father."

"I am very glad, Polly; you will both be so happy. But," Jenny moaned, "how quick it has been!"

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," declared Polly, promptly. "Lor, Jenny, it's better as it is. If there'd been much work about it, I'd likely have never took him at all; and as for long courtings, I can't abide 'em! Keeping company till you've a'most forgot when you began—I hate such ways!" said Polly, indignantly, and making a face that did truly indicate some slight scorn or disgust.

All this was quite out of Jenny's line. She could not even understand her sister's logic. Surely Roger's love, once given, was worth waiting for. So she moaned to herself, knowing full well she could have waited for ever; and the dark stuff dress heaved piteously, and Jenny did really feel, that her heart was broken.

Ah! what uncomfortable stairs. Jenny could positively stay there no longer! The day, too, had turned so hot! There had never been known such oppressive heat! And, truly, Jenny appeared to feel a change. Her pallor became so

astonishing, that even Polly remarked it, clinging to her: "Jenny, Jenny, what is it?"

But Jenny disclaimed the idea of illness.

"I'm so glad, Jenny; for one moment I thought you were going to faint, and then," said Polly, "what should I have done?"

So they entered the room together—Polly, flushed into new beauty, a sort of demure coquette, with petting ways and a caressing voice; and Jenny, in her heavy, thick dress, with dark rims round her swollen, red eyes—eyes from which, however, there shone forth a spirit that had never belonged to Polly—the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish love.

Late that evening, when Polly had gone off to bed, Jenny obtained the father's consent, and congratulated Roger so kindly, so warmly even, on his success, that Roger was quite taken aback. It is only fair to the poor fellow to say that he had never made strong love to Jenny. He had asked her to marry him at the request of his mother (who thought very highly of Jenny, believing she saw in her an excellent housewife, and highly approving of her quiet, gentle ways), feeling, it may be, rather indifferent as to the answer he should receive, but certainly in love with no one else.

Then Polly had come back from a long visit to an aunt, and, uncording her little wooden box, had taken thence such an astounding array of ribbons and bright-coloured odds and ends, arranging them so artistically upon her charming little figure, and bringing them into such close contrast with the dark beauty of her lovely little face, that the very first Sunday, on the way to church, the whole town had, metaphorically speaking, knelt before her, and had so gone on kneeling ever since.

Roger among them. Poor Roger, unaware of danger, had been the very first to fall in love.

And so Jenny's life had come to be spoiled. Polly, however, had known nothing of her sister's engagement, and had only *pretended* to couple their names, for Jenny had not cared to publish her happiness, and Polly was hardly a person in whom one would choose to confide.

And Roger himself had not asked for his release—would not, indeed, have done so; though, when offered him by Jenny, he had accepted it with a new hope springing in his heart, and his pulses beating with a strange delight. And yet, now, when after Jenny's congratulation, he went away back into his own cottage, Roger felt somewhat downcast.

"I don't know now, mother, as how I've got hold of the right girl," he said, uneasily, when he had finished his account of this his latest wooing, and the success with which it had met; but the mother evinced her sense.

"It's late in the day to think of that now, my



boy," she said; and Roger, assenting, went up to bed, where, notwithstanding his expressed uncertainty, his dreams were probably more of the sleeping Polly than of the wakeful little figure that watched by her side.

So the days went on—rose-coloured for Polly, and bright with sunshine, till they lengthened out into Midsummer Eve, or, as the father said, "Somebody's wedding-day." Not Jenny's. Jenny, whose sleepless night was over before the first bird had begun to sing, and who hovered about the cottage in the early morning light, with a soft look of pleasure on her face, stealing up from the good heart that, communing with itself through so many weary months, had conquered at last, and was at peace now with the whole world.

And then, later, Polly came down to breakfast, like a lovely little flower in her plain muslin gown. "All in white like a bride," said the proud father, as the girl nestled up against him, hanging over his chair, insisting on being made much of, "because you know, father," said Polly's pettishly-caressing voice, "it is the last time. I am going away, and you won't have me any more."

The cottage without Polly!

"My dear," said the father ("No, *not* any tighter, Polly." Polly was tying a bright-blue neckerchief round his throat in one of her fanciful bows, quite irrespective of the hue to which her father's rosy complexion was rapidly turning), "that is the way of the world; but if you suppose as how we shan't think of you, Polly, you—you think wrong, my dear."

The father could not make speeches; but, indeed, there was no speech necessary, with Polly's little dark head resting on his breast, and Jenny's tears falling on his hand.

And then they all went off to church, and met Roger there, which was, indeed, quite in the programme, and took no one by surprise. And Polly came away, "not simply Polly," she was particular to explain, "but Roger's wife," having in the last hour undergone promotion. Polly, with her beauty, and her little dependent ways, excited general admiration and interest. Even the ladies at the Hall had come down to see their little pet married.

"I never saw anything so charmingly pretty," one of them had said, and she only expressed the general opinion.

And Jenny? Jenny stood in the corner of the church, and prayed for the happy little bride, round whom such bright sunshine was falling—prayed with all the earnestness of her loving, pure heart, that this, her darling sister, might not only be happy herself, but might make Roger happy also.

So Roger took Polly away, and she began to pet *him* then with her little brown hands.

That evening the father spent in a neighbouring cottage, quite unable to bear the sight of his own, on this the first night of Polly's absence; but Jenny, though also solicited, would not stir out. She climbed up into her little room—Polly's old room—and sat herself down, as she had so often done before, on the wooden box by the window. The sun was setting in summer glory, long bars of light stealing down to the earth, and the rosy tints that flooded the heavens reflected red on the little casement.

Polly was gone!

That was at first all Jenny could feel. The child she had so loved grown up into a woman, and married! And then Jenny's thoughts wandered—as Jenny's thoughts were always sure to wander—to the man she had loved so well, the Roger to whom this very morning the child Polly had been given away. Presently Jenny rose, and took from a drawer a little miniature, which she handled with care, and touched reverently.

"Mother," she whispered beneath her breath, "Polly will be *so* happy," and she kissed the little miniature, and her tears rained fast down upon it.

"And so am I happy," Jenny declared, later on in the evening, when, the miniature put away, there were only the stars to keep her company. "The two persons I love best on earth are happy through me, for Roger 'ud never have given me up, had I not bidden him go, and Polly 'ud never have taken him, if she'd known he'd been courting me. And I do feel," said Jenny, confiding in the stars, "as happy a girl as any in the town."

And that was so. Through all the village no happier girl said her prayers that night.

## THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

**C**AME a merchantman of yore,  
Seeking goodly pearls to store:  
One he found, and straightway sold  
All he had, that one to hold.

But another Merchant came  
Seeking pearls He knew by name,—  
Seeking, gave His all for me;  
Bought His treasure on the tree.

I, too, now, for Jesus Christ,  
Look within for pearls unpriced:  
Hid in heart and stored in mind,  
But the merchantman must find.

Down beneath strong passion's tide,  
Down where weeds of sin-growth hide;  
Scarce discerned from what is base,  
Yet how sweet the hidden grace!

Seek I many pearls to own,  
These for crown, and those for throne?  
All I have I sell to buy  
One I find so fair to eye.

This the pearl all price above,  
And I know who calls it love;  
Faith and hope, bright gems they shine,  
But the pearl is love divine.

Seeking many, finding one,  
Finding all, thus lacking none,  
Hold I each possession vain,  
If I only this may gain.

Toiling on in life's swift whirl,  
If I find this goodly pearl,  
Till time's merchant own at last,  
Heart, not hand, must hold it fast.

WILLIAM CHATTEBTON DIX.

## REDEMPTION NOT REPEATED IN ITS REVEALED FIGURES.

BY THE REV. J. D. OWEN, M.A.

**T**HE world waited longer for the Lord's first coming than she will probably have to wait for his second. It was a long, dark nightwatch from the first Adam's fall to the second Adam's incarnation. Men heard the prophecies, and saw the types, and both gilded the cloud of their future with hope. The unity of its Author illustrates the unity of its operation—God is one, and his work one. Scripture defines the interposition of the Son of God on behalf of the sons of men under the four significant figures of "a washing, a justification, a ransom, and an atonement." Let us mark how these all exclude the theory of a repeated sacrifice. The work of Christ, first, is called a *washing*, "the washing of regeneration"—"washed from our sins in Christ's own blood." Not cleansings like ordinary washings, which need their repetition, like the daily sacrifice; for he (*i.e.*, Christ) "needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up himself." And in that one and only cleansing, purifying blood, we have his own blessed testimony, "he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit."

Had there been any Scripture warrant for the theory of repeated sin-offerings, or "a perpetual sacrifice" in the Christian economy, washing was the direct natural symbol under which to announce it. Hence, lest the emblem should be liable to such misconception, the work which it signifies is carefully limited, and defended against any trespass upon its abiding efficacy which might be implied in the metaphor, by the Saviour's special declaration, "He that is washed" (*i.e.*, in my blood for the cleansing of the inner man) "needeth" no other, nor further washing, "save to wash his feet"—*i.e.*, to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh through the sins of the outer man. By the first washing, the character is changed, by other and repeated applications of the same blood, the conduct is purified, as it is written

of the believer in Jesus, who "purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

Secondly. The work of Christ is called a *justification*. "Through this man, by faith in this man, ye are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." A plea is established by which sinners, otherwise "dead before God" (*i.e.*, liable to capital conviction), are pronounced as clear from guilt as if, like their Divine Advocate, they had never sinned; and as free from condemnation as He was, who, "being raised from the dead, dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him." The metaphor clearly implies that the justification needs no repetition, or otherwise the justified man would resemble a prisoner tried again for the offence of which he had been once honourably and fully acquitted. The law of man repeats neither its acquittals nor its penalties for the same offence; and shall the law of God be less just and high-minded than human statutes? God forbid! "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus: for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made them free from the law of sin and death." "Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now *once in the end of the world* hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Then the singleness of the sacrifice is specially analogised with the singleness of death: "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered." There is as much sense or sound theology in a theory of repeated deaths of the sinner, as in repeated sacrifices for sin.

This proposition of the absolute and perpetual unity of the propitiation is confirmed, thirdly, by the designation of the work of Christ as a *redemption*—"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." Thus the redemption of a sinner, like that of a slave, is the paying

down of his price, by which the property in the man is either transferred to the purchaser, or the bondman becomes free. But whoever heard of the price being demanded twice, or of the ceremony of the ransom being repeated? If the captive were free, there is nothing to ransom; if he were still in bondage, the act of emancipation is a cheat and delusion. Christianity is no such fraud; the Gospel ensures "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." Nor are these gracious manumissions of the heart, soul, and conscience, so many dreams of enthusiasm; "they are the words of truth and soberness:" "If the Son shall make ye free, ye shall be free indeed." Nevertheless, the regained freedom may be compromised by the "cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;" hence the need of the caution, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with a yoke of bondage." Entangling dogmas multiply in these days, and require all our utmost circumspection and "watching unto prayer," to save our necks from old sacramental "yokes of bondage, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

Their effect is to evaporate and fritter away the essence of truth, and leave the poor, carnal prodigal no resource but to "join himself to a citizen of that country," do his base menial work with the swine, and feed upon their husks till the moral hunger becomes intolerable. Then, in the forlorn depth of his penury and rags, there breaks through his broken heart the light of old and better memories of his father's house, and of the bread enough to eat and to spare.

Fourthly. The mediation of Jesus is called an *atonement*, or reconciliation: "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." It is not the repeated death, but the perpetual life of the Mediator, which is salvation: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood;" not faith in an "un-bloody sacrifice," nor in reiterated atonements, which, like the old typical "sacrifices, offered year by year continually, could not make the comers thereunto perfect," but "the bringing in of a better hope did." Had even the typical sacrifices possessed the saving efficacy of their great Antitype, "then would they not have ceased to be offered?" Clearly they would have ceased, "because that the worshippers once purged should have had no more conscience of sins." If, then, the Jewish sacrifices would not have been repeated had they possessed the power which dwelt alone in the sacrifice of Christ, is it not a monstrous contradiction to repeat the sacrifice of Christ himself? If such repetition was the result and evidence that those former priests had in-

firmity, and, therefore, their sacrifices imperfect, is it no disloyal ascription of both personal infirmity and piacular inefficacy, to repeat the sacrifice of the hypostatic union of Deity with the body and blood of Christ? Ah, sirs, these dogmatic rehearsals of the passion of the Saviour are most apt, easily and fatally, to glide into substitutions for the office of the Saviour himself. They divide Christ against Christ in such wise that his kingdom cannot stand upon such anomalies. The fallacy that pretends to do again what the Lord Jesus did once for all, is not far from the thought of the heart which would willingly, or perhaps unwittingly, do without him altogether. It is a subtle bridge of constructive transition from "the cup of the Lord to the cup of devils." Never was it more needful to examine ourselves, and prove our ourselves, whether we be in the faith, or whether we be falling into fancies of the flesh.

Recapitulating our arguments, with a view to their concentration on the conclusion, we note that these four figures of washing, justifying, redeeming, and atoning, are the leading symbols under which Holy Scripture indicates the work of the Father's mercy in and through the functions of his Eternal Son. Consequently, the act on which the whole work of salvation must be seen to hinge, is that one in which all these beneficent processes of spiritual washing, justifying, redeeming, and atoning, meet and co-operate. Let us inquire, therefore, how and when and where the Lord Jesus paid down the ransom for our souls, and supplied us with a plea on which, as sinners, we could purify our souls from the stain of sin; by virtue of which we may claim acquittal from the charge of sin, and on the ground of which we can make an atonement of peace between us and God. These issues all directly point to, and converge in, the *death* of the Saviour, and confirm the uniform statements of Holy Scripture to the same effect. Hence the force of the passages: "Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are cleansed." "For the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." "Who is he that condemneth? It is God that justifieth." "For in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "That God may be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and your spirit, which are God's." "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "For the Lord hath laid on him" (as the scapegoat of a world of sin) "the iniquity of us all:" therefore "we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." "For he is our peace" (i.e., our peace-offering); by which oblation "we have access to God by a new and living way, through the veil, that is to

say, his flesh." Thus the whole tenor of Scripture ascribes all our mercies, privileges, exemptions, and covenant inheritance, to the death of Jesus: and death is pre-eminently one. It is a single incident, or it is not death, but its counterfeit. Life is a continuous act, it is a repetition of sundry laws and operations of being; but death is an isolated instance in the individual life. No man, apart from miracle, dies twice, still less the Son of Man; "in that he died, he died unto sin once: in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Being raised from the dead, he dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him." The oneness of the Mediator's death contradicts, with all its natural meaning and solemnity of implication, the repetitions of its supposed offering in a sacramental form. "The offence of the cross," as being a dying once for all, always was, and will be, the great hindrance to the reception of the Gospel by the self-righteous man; and always was, and will be, contemptible to the carnal intellect: but it always was, and will be, though "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness," yet to every one that believeth "Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

God's inspired Word inseparably connects this purification, redemption, justification, and atonement, directly and specifically, with the shedding of the life-blood of Jesus. "The blood is the life." "The bread that I give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." It was necessary to make atonement for a broken law—death was the only satisfaction which the law of God, in profound fealty to its own holy requirements, and righteous vindication, could accept. Hence the Mediator became man that he might die. It was, indeed, the original ideal nature of man which Christ assumed—a nature not corrupted by sin, and so not in itself liable to death. His death was purely voluntary, because it was for others' sins he died. His death is our redemption, restoration, life.

Thus the whole spirit of Christianity, radiating from the death of Jesus as its great central truth, is opposed to any and every kind of multiplying of mediators and of sacrifices. They bring back, like an unnatural night, the darkness of the crucifixion, after its glorious dissipation by the morning of the resurrection. All such theories, of whatever kind or degree, are relapses into "weak and beggarly elements"—anachronisms, based upon no "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," but upon carnal stumblings on the rudiments of the world." They are neither "strong meat for men" nor "milk for babes;" but "the old leaven" of "them who draw back unto perdition," not "of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

The immediate personal comfort of believing the

Gospel, is its immediate undeferred salvation. Believing now, you are saved now. The salvation is perfect because its purchase is finished, its atonement accepted. God wants no more, why should man pretend to offer more? "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Beware lest your offering interfere with his, or set aside his, and depreciate his. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." This tabernacle service is in various ways returning to many a careless house and heart, whence it had gone out, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. An apostate is always worse than one who had never believed.

Young and ardent readers of THE QUIVER, never was it more needful for every man, young or old, to try and "examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." You should bring to the test of prayer and Scripture your moral and religious sentiments, as well as you emotional sensations. Opinions need sifting as much as practices, for the practices are the fruit of the opinions; and, bad as these may be, evil practices, inconsistent with evangelical professions, are worse. These offend weaker brethren, are enemies within the camp of the cross of Christ, profane that holy name by which the backsliders are called, and "give occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme."

"Let not your good be spoken evil of," at all events, so far as your life and walk are concerned. Gainsayers will despise and libel the Gospel—that you cannot prevent, but you *can* prevent their having any evil thing to say of you. "Only let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ," and then let the world rail on, and heresies withstand and misrepresent "the truth as it is in Jesus," the magnetic power of godly sincerity shall extort, even from your ungodly contemporaries, the acknowledgment that "God is in you of a truth."

Wait in hope and expectation for the fulfilment of the promise, when in the world's convictions, as in his Divine reality, "the Lord shall be one, and his name one," and all his people, and all people shall be his, "shall be called by his name." No more idolatry of sacraments, as so many saviours, nor vicarious deifications of ministers, by investing them with the incommunicable functions of their Master, constituting the sacerdotal order an elaborate sacrilege and trespass on the one eternal priesthood of the Mediator; a regenerate world will detect the imposition, and accept no other and inferior intercession between them and God, except His pontificate who is "consecrated for evermore," thereby harmonising in one glorious act of uniformity the adorations of the earthly with





(Drawn by S. L. FILDES.)

"Where fearful fevers rage, and death grows rife,  
There have I found her."—p. 378.

the heavenly hosts, both worlds bowing down at the same altar, to worship "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever."

In the meantime, to be consistent with this anticipation, and true to the pledge of whole and undivided fealty and affection to "our Master and only Saviour," thus "dying for our sins and rising again for our justification," let our only repetitions, or rather spiritual assimilations of his death, consist in our own "dying unto sin, and rising again unto righteousness." Let us substitute for ritual processions of host, or symbol, a personal "bearing about the body of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our body;" so shall we best protest against the conflicting and fluctuating theories founded on any "other Gospel which is not another," and, resting our peace and comfort on the finished work of an alone Redeemer, be bold as Isaiah, and confident

as the avowal of St. Paul: "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

By neither sacramental dogma, nor by personal incongruity, will I "crucify my Lord afresh, and put him," whether I would or no, "to an open shame;" no other crucifixion will I abide, beyond that by which "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." That is the only cross which the Spirit of Jesus hath taught me to bear, as I look to his glory for my only crown! Infinitely subtle and diversified are the forms, visible and invisible, of the spirit of idolatry. "There be gods many, and lords many," and many sacraments, and many sacrifices are apt to slip down the inclined plane of creature-worship into so many gods and lords. "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord."

#### CHARITY.

**I**'VE met her wand'ring, seeking those in need,  
Smiling with ethereal kindness. Blest—  
How blest! how pure and holy in the deed  
Of doing good, and thoughtless all of rest.

Still seeking and still sought for, she is found  
Under the mask of age, of lovely youth  
More oft, spreading her gifts to all the world around,  
Heedless of birth, of beauty—only truth.

O give her truth! nor cheat her with the lie  
Of poverty, of indigence assumed;

Easy to guile, unable to deny.

She gives her all, by all to falsehood doomed.

Where fearful fevers rage, and death grows rife,  
Whence all are flown who soothe the sufferer's pain,  
There have I found her, careless of the life  
She saves for others—their ungrateful gain.

These deeds recorded, these received with joy,  
With songs and music to the gladsome voice  
Of saints in heaven, their constant time employ  
In sweetest strains to her, their dearest choice.

H. W. A.

### PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER LI.

##### A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

**I**T was the morning of Tuesday, the 27th, and, from the quarter in the far east where he had spent the night with a manufacturer of his acquaintance, David Haldane hastened westwards through the streets of Paris, to explore the city in search of an address written down with care in a leaf of his pocket-book. He had already finished the business part of his visit, and there remained before him only pleasure. But he did not look like a pleasure-seeker—certainly not like a Parisian pleasure-seeker—as he traversed the streets at a still early hour. He was walking rapidly, with that springing gait which belongs, more or less, to the people of the hills, bearing down towards the quays, through the Faubourg St. Antoine. Then he

seemed to notice that he was walking very fast, and checked himself. Smiling at his own impatience, he consulted his watch, and resolutely took to loitering. He noticed an immense number of idlers hanging about; but it was nothing unusual for an immense number of idlers to be hanging about there, so he passed them, with a glance of commiseration for the squalor and wretchedness in which they were condemned to live. As he came down upon the quay, there were idlers of a better class engaged in more or less exciting conversation; but, then, it was nothing unusual for Frenchmen to be excited. From some words which he caught in passing, he knew that they were discussing the ordonnances; and though he could not help smiling at their eagerness, it was with that peculiar thrill of sympathy which keen popular feeling creates.

He had his own private excitement too, which was sending the blood coursing through his veins more

rapidly than usual. He was on his way to the presence of Miss Oglivie. There was her address, taken down from her own handwriting, as exhibited to him by Jean, in the corner of her last letter. He took it out and looked at it again, judging it time at last to proceed thither.

What he hoped for in this visit of his he did not ask himself. He did not, however, hope for any immediate result. He did not expect her to fling herself into his arms without more ado. He had gleaned enough of information respecting her father's character and circumstances, to know that she could neither be very prosperous nor very happy with him; but he knew well enough that this but increased instead of diminishing his difficulties. At all events, he would bring with him softening memories of home; he would be welcome to her, if only for their sake, and he would at least renew their relations with each other. The rest he must leave to fate and his own strong heart.

Arrived at the street, which, though a small back one in a close neighbourhood, he had little difficulty in finding, he was soon at the house indicated by the address, where he inquired for M. Oglivie. He was gone, madame too, whither the man could not tell. Could monsieur himself form any notion, as several inquiries had been made? and from the knowing look which accompanied the question, David Haldane understood that the inquiries had not been of the politest order.

He, of course, replied that he was a stranger, and knew nothing of their probable movements. "Was the young lady with them still?"

"Mademoiselle used to come daily," was the answer; "but she did not sleep there—she had apartments of her own."

It seemed quite mysterious, and there was no key to the mystery, no clue to any further search.

Bitterly disappointed, he turned away. The sun no longer shone for him; the river no longer smiled. It seemed as if the world had suddenly gone into eclipse, so dull was all its brightness. He strolled on, without any particular object, and came into the Rue St. Honoré. He was looking into the windows in a listless fashion; not that they interested or amused him, but simply because it gave him an opportunity of lingering near, and thinking whether there was any possibility of finding any one by chance in a great city.

He was looking into the window of a print-shop, when he felt his attention suddenly aroused, and his thoughts carried back to the fir-clad slopes of the Strathie. The picture which had done this was a representation of a little hill, clothed and crowned with fir-trees, just like those at home. He examined it more attentively. There was snow upon the ground, its softness and brightness beautifully indicated, as well as its dazzling white. The sky was bluer and more ethereal than it ever is—except at rare intervals—in the cloudy North, and against the sky the dark branches of the trees rose in the form of a cathedral window. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, it

was one of the hills he had seen at home—it was Delaube.

He entered the shop at once, and desired to see the drawing. On examining it closely, there was a small cipher in the corner, which stood for the initial of the artist. When he had purchased the drawing, he said to the shopman, "This is the work, I believe, of a lady whom I am anxious to find, can you give me her address?"

The shopman, with great politeness, produced the address. It was the same as that which he had already, and which had proved useless.

On hearing this the man further explained that the young lady, the last time she had called, promised to return in a day or two, and might therefore possibly call that very day.

"I am staying close at hand," said David Haldane; "I shall leave the drawing with you. Keep it in the window, and take it down when she calls, that I may give you as little trouble as possible. I will also leave my card, which you will kindly give her, and ask her to leave her new address with you."

The man cheerfully promised to do as requested, and David Haldane went away, rejoicing in his good fortune, having unconsciously taken the very means which would prevent the object he had in view. He had not been gone half an hour when she whom he sought passed by, and with a wistful glance at the shopwindow, passed on despairingly.

David Haldane wandered about restlessly all day, dined at his hotel in the Rue de Rohan, which crossed at right angles the Rue St. Honoré, and wandered forth again. He hovered about the quarter, straying into the galleries of the Louvre, crossing the Pont Neuf, and spending half an hour in Notre Dame, and finding himself more than once passing the same shop, where the drawing he had purchased still kept its place in the window.

The day had been almost intolerably bright and hot, and it was no wonder that in the cool of the evening nobody should think of going indoors. The workshops were emptied, and the workpeople were not going home; the shops were closed, but the streets got fuller and fuller. Everybody was out, and the crowds passing on to the quays, where, of course, it was cooler than anywhere else, and where the free space of the broad river allowed them to breathe a fresher air, soon became a continuous stream. David Haldane recognised some of his friends of the Faubourg St. Antoine, not by the faces of individuals, but by the general bearing of groups. These had an individuality of their own; stunted stature and keen intellect, both famine-bred, made their movements more swift and savage than those of the better artisans.

But they were evidently moved with a common impulse towards fraternisation on the evening in question, group communicating with group as they passed along. As the evening advanced, it was clear that something unusual was going forward, but not till the moment for action arrived was even this apparent.

Then, a whole city had risen against its government. Paris was in arms.

To an onlooker the whole thing appears inexplicable—confounding. The king's ordonnances are issued on Monday, and the people are stupefied for a moment. Then they pass from stupefaction to displeasure, from displeasure to indignation, from indignation to a determination to resist: and all this not individually, but collectively, and in a single day! The next day they carry their determination into effect, not by means of a compact organisation, but by the spontaneous movement of the whole population of Paris, seemingly without communication or concert.

But they are comparatively unarmed, and there are in Paris 12,000 men, the élite of one of the finest armies the world ever saw, and their first movement is, therefore, to obtain arms. David Haldane saw a compact body of workmen—they might have been from one shop or yard, so accustomed did they seem to act together—with the utmost coolness break open a gunsmith's shop, and distribute the contents, first among their own members, then, as far as they would go, among the crowd: and the same thing was going on elsewhere in the city, with the same deliberate and yet almost unpremeditated design.

The soldiers of government were on the alert; troops were being concentrated round the several palaces, and lancers were sweeping the streets in the vicinity of the Palais Royal; but as yet there had been no fatal collision between the soldiers and the people, and David Haldane once more entered his hotel.

Some of its windows commanded a portion of the Rue St. Honoré, and he had returned with the intention of watching the movements of the mass from thence. On entering he was told that a lady, a countrywoman, desired to speak with him. His heart gave a bound at the intelligence: he felt sure that it must be Peggy who had sought him, and sought him in a time of danger when it was possible that he might serve, even save her. He hastened to meet her, following the servant to the door of a private room.

A lady rose to meet him—certainly not the one he sought—a little grey-haired, bright-eyed woman, who advanced in much excitement, in which, however, there was nothing of fear. She spoke with a rapid utterance.

"I thought I might claim the protection of a countryman," she said. "We are Scotch, and I knew from your name in the hotel-book that you were Scotch also. My niece and I are travelling home from Italy. She is ill. I fear this excitement will kill her. Our window looks down upon a perfect sea of people, and they are getting more and more excited every moment. They will soon be behaving like lunatics, as they are. Is there any way of getting out of the city to-night?"

"I fear it is quite impossible," he replied. "From what I have seen, you would encounter worse than you would escape from here. I dare say peace will be restored before morning; and in the meantime I

will gladly exchange rooms with you. Mine is high up, and at the back of the house, and you will be quite quiet up there, while I shall hear and see all that is going on. In the morning I will assist you in any way that I can."

"Will you come and see my niece? It will reassure her greatly, and we will thankfully accept your offer," said the lady.

He passed into another room, which was a bedroom as well as sitting-room, and found there a lovely creature, evidently on the verge of another world. Her cheeks were hollow and burning, their hectic deepened by the excitement of watching the people in the street, and her eyes blazed like stars. Her thin hands were strained together, and she was altogether in a condition which required the greatest care. David Haldane was at once interested and filled with pity. He spoke to her with a quiet assurance of safety; but she turned upon him with a luminous and yet wavering smile, and told him that she did not care for safety—that she had too little of life left to seek to husband it.

"Yet, for your aunt's sake," he said, "you will try. She would be better in a quieter room, and I have offered mine in exchange for yours."

She looked at her companion inquiringly. There was entreaty in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, if you wish, dear aunty; but I am sure I shall not sleep now."

At length it was agreed that they should adjourn to David Haldane's room, and that he should come to them from time to time with reports till the streets were a little quieter. Of that there appeared, however, very little prospect. Up from the human sea there came an ever-deepening roar; and there through it at intervals great waves of disturbance, as communications passed along the living channel. It seemed as if there would be little of sleep in Paris city on that July night.

## CHAPTER LII.

### GUILTY.

In the room to which David Haldane escorted the ladies he found a letter awaiting him, and after making them as much at their ease as was possible under the circumstances, he begged permission to open it, as it was a letter from home. It was in the handwriting of a clerk, and he expected only a business-like missive, informing him that all was going on satisfactorily—a statement which the absent master craves for, and yet knows to be about as unsatisfactory as general statements usually are.

The missive was there, worded exactly as he knew it would be worded. Everything was going on well, so well as almost to convey the idea that they went on all the better for his absence. But there was an enclosure strangely enough, addressed to Miss Ogilvie. It was sent to his care by Miss Margery Ogilvie, who was to be greatly obliged to Mr. Haldane if he would deliver it soon and safely into the hands of her young relative.



Concerning this letter, it is necessary to go back to the night when Captain Oglvie was seized with brain fever. His mother and Margery watched him throughout its creeping hours, sleeping a little as they could by turns. An expression of unusually deep concern was on the doctor's face as he came out of the patient's room, where he left him with Mrs. Oglvie, in order to give Margery a freer opinion of his case than it was possible to give to his nearly distracted mother. He was dangerously ill, and would be worse before the disease was at its height. The doctor recommended that a nurse should be procured before the crisis came on, if possible, one who could be trusted with—and the good man hesitated—with any family secret.

Before the day was done, Margery knew the meaning of the hint the words conveyed. The delirious man was in the midst of the burning house, re-enacting his part in the scene of the preceding night, answering accusing voices heard by his ear alone, shouting out, "Who says I am guilty of murder?" "How do you know I could have saved him?" "Let him perish; my life is surely worth ten such lives as his." "I must have the money." These, and other exclamations, repeated over and over again, mixed up with the name of Mr. Haldane, came from that terrible sick-bed; and Margery determined, in the strong magnanimity which lay at the foundation of her character, that no ear save her own should listen to that self-accusing, unconscious voice.

She was glad when poor Mrs. Oglvie, who was helpless at all times, fairly broke down and took to her bed. There was only the doctor whom it was necessary to trust, and who could be trusted, and she would try her own strength to the utmost before she yielded. When the doctor came again in the afternoon, she announced her determination, and very reluctantly he felt obliged to acquiesce.

"It is terrible," he said, pressing her hand, and, accustomed as he was to suffering of all kinds, he could not look at her for a mist of stinging tears; "but he may be accusing himself falsely," he added. "It is often the case in delirium: the patient accuses himself of crimes he never committed. Poor fellow, he may have made every effort to save your brother, and, conscious of failure, thinks he has not made enough. It is dreadful for you, very dreadful, but I honour your resolution to stay by him. The phase may soon pass over. If necessary, I will spend the night with him myself."

It would have been quite possible to have accepted the doctor's explanation of the words to which Captain Oglvie gave utterance, and it was readily accepted by his mother; but an incident of the afternoon brought to Margery a terrible confirmation of her doubts on the subject.

She was called out of the room, happily, when her patient was lying exhausted. Her little serving-lad had employed himself in poking about among the ruins, and had found something which he wished to deliver to her. It was an old-fashioned *escritoire*, which he

carried in his arms. The lad had not much reason to congratulate himself, it seemed, on the value of his discovery, for his mistress received him and dismissed him harshly, though he expected praise, if not reward; for the box, as he called it, had been Miss Janet's, and all the servants knew that everything of hers was precious. It had the name "Janet" engraved on a plate of silver on the top.

But before he had left the house he was recalled, and questioned closely as to the finding of the writing-desk. It had been full of papers; now it was empty, rifled of its contents, and yet the fire had not passed upon it. Then his mistress went on to ask him what he had seen on the night of the fire.

The boy had been, like other boys, though by no means a brilliant specimen of the class, pretty nearly ubiquitous. He had seen everything that happened. His hero was evidently David Haldane, whose movements he had closely followed. Margery found that the servants were saying, it would have been better if David Haldane had not followed Captain Oglvie, but had tried the ladders at first. The boy had seen the two men descend from the window under which the writing-desk was found, and he had then followed David Haldane, and lost sight of Captain Oglvie.

Still, they might have thrown out the desk before they descended, and, in the confusion, it might have been robbed of its contents by some villager who had come to see the fire. Its contents were worthless in themselves—bundles of old, yellow letters, chiefly from Sir Alexander Oglvie to his daughters—sad remembrancers of long-past trials and sorrows. Not a single love-token, or letter, could the sisters boast between them among the relics of their youth. But in this desk of her sister's Margery had deposited the letters of Louis Oglvie to his wife, and the other papers received from Gilbert on his death-bed. These she would have given much to be able to restore to their rightful owner.

The *escritoire* had rested on the top of an ancient chest of drawers; and on a piece of furniture exactly similar, only that it was placed in a recess of the room, had rested one exactly like it. Both the drawers and the desks had belonged to the sisters from their early days, and the other desk was marked with the name "Margery" in the same fashion as the one now found. Margery's desk had, however, contained a considerable sum of money in Scotch bank-notes, and other things of material value.

On the first night of her watch by the bed of Captain Oglvie, Margery had noticed that the grate was full of the black remains of burnt paper, and that the whole hearth was strewn with the same. These were now swept away, and there remained nothing to show that Captain Oglvie had possessed himself of the papers, and so to set at rest the horrible doubt that remained on Margery's mind.

It was, however, destined to be set at rest speedily. In putting away the clothes that he had worn, the bundle of letters which were weighing on Margery's mind fell out of one of the pockets, and, with a shock

which even her firm nerves were not proof against, she picked it up and hid it away. A few nights later she saw the unhappy man, whose life had just been spared, rise from his bed, and proceed to search for that same bundle. The watcher had been half dozing in her chair, and seeing him rise and totter across the floor, she judged it best to remain perfectly still, as the least excitement might bring on a relapse. Not finding what he looked for, he put his hand to his head, and, tottering back again, fell fainting on his bed.

Captain Oglivie's return to life and reason was more painful to Margery than even his illness had been. How was she to deal with him, when he had partially recovered? She dared not reproach him while he lay in his weakness on that bed, where he had suffered tortures, such as no human power could inflict; she dared not even tell him all she knew, because of the danger of relapse; though, as she watched him, she thought that it might even be a relief to him, to know that he had unconsciously unburdened himself of his terrible secret. She longed to say, "I know and forgive, even as God knows, and is ready to forgive." It was well that she had witnessed his sufferings, or she might not have felt thus towards him—might not have felt inclined to spare him as she did.

But he could not bear to see her, and manifested this so painfully on his return to consciousness, that she gave place at once to his mother. His first words to her were:—"Is he gone?"

"Is who gone?" she asked; but from the expression of his face she gathered that he meant the dead man, and answered, "Yes, he is gone."

"I have been ill a long time," he said.

"Not a very long time, it is only nine days."

"Has anything happened?" he asked in a sinking voice.

"Nothing," she answered, "except the funeral." He seemed to breathe more freely.

"Margery has nursed you through it all," said his mother.

"It is kind of her," he whispered, faintly.

"I did not think she could have been so kind," she replied.

There was a pause, and then he said, "We must go away from this place, mother."

"Yes, my dear," she answered, mechanically.

"We must go away as soon as I can move," he repeated, eagerly.

Another secret of the sick man's had come into Margery's possession, and that was his debt to David Haldane, and she seized the first opportunity of seeking an interview with the latter. She demanded, bluntly, to know how much, including interest, the debt amounted to; and David Haldane told her what was the sum total of money lent, but utterly refused to receive the interest, and was paid on the spot.

"I wish I could have seen your nephew," said Margery; "I owe him more than I can ever pay."

The old man explained that he had gone to Paris. In the course of their further talk, it came out that he had carried with him the address of Louis Oglivie's daughter, and at Margery's request, David Haldane promised to forward a letter for her to his nephew's care.

This was the letter which lay waiting David Haldane at his hotel, on the evening of the 27th of July; in it Margery recalled her young relative, and offered her, under very different circumstances, a home with her. She was about to take up her abode at Oglivie Castle, and seeing that there was room enough in it for a whole clan of Oglivies, she desired her to ask her father and step-mother to accompany her thither.

(To be continued.)

### THE KIND-HEARTED FISHER-BOY.

**S**OME little children—girls as well as boys, I am grieved to say—have a very dangerous habit of looking down upon people that are not quite so well dressed, or so rich as themselves.

Again, most children—of course there are some happy exceptions—feel inclined to laugh at an old man or woman who is feeble, or peculiar in appearance. Children of a higher grade content themselves with laughing and sneering at them, while children of the very poor, or dirty and ragged class, who are not particular to observe the outward decent forms of society, manifest their feelings by throwing mud or stones at the unfortunate old people.

Now I am going to tell you a little story of a boy who, although he was poor and uneducated, and had had no "bringing up" to speak of, was yet possessed of sufficient goodness and wisdom to defend the helpless, and to protect the weak against the

strong. In short, he was gifted with the highest and truest politeness, that springs from a good, noble, manly heart. But you shall judge for yourselves, and see how unexpectedly this kind-heartedness was rewarded.

A good many years ago, at a small watering-place called Shoressea, there were a number of fisher-boys, fine, sturdy, brown specimens of humanity, full of health, and life, and spirits. When they were not at sea, they were always down on the beach throwing the shining pebbles into the sea, or paddling in the water with their bare feet. But the generality of these boys, I am sorry to say, were not *polite*. You see they had never been taught manners, and if they had gentle mothers and sisters, they were scarcely ever at home with them. They got up with the sun, in the fresh air of the morning, and swallowed a scanty breakfast, and off they were to the water; and when they came home at night they ate their

suppers—if they had any to eat—and tumbled into bed, without so much as saying their prayers, I am afraid.

There was one happy exception to this rule, I am glad to tell you, and his name was Harry Dingle; and although he was as short, and broad, and healthy, and brown as the rest, yet he was as gentle as a delicate girl could be.

You never heard him swear like the other boys, nor gibe and jeer at the old fishwomen who walked about Shoresea with men's high boots on, and short blue petticoats. No, as I said before, he was very gentle. Shall I tell you why I think it was so?

He had a sister at home, a poor little cripple, whom he loved very much; indeed, she was the only human being he had in the world to love. They were all alone in the wide world, poor little creatures. Their father had been drowned, and their mother had died of a broken heart, so people said, and the two children could just remember her pale face, and how she used to get up in the night when it was stormy, and watch the sea for hours, and cry.

You may imagine how lonely the poor little sister was all day long, lying on a hard wooden couch with nothing to do; but Harry ran home as often as he could, and every spare penny he had he saved for her. She was passionately fond of flowers, she tended them as carefully as if they had been living things, and watched them with the most intense interest as she lay on her little couch for the greater part of the long day. She could only move about very little, poor little Jenny, and yet she was rich in her brother's love and her flowers. Some of us strong, hearty ones would be glad of that much.

But I must not forget Harry. I am going to tell you how his politeness, which always made him feel happy, was the means of very great good fortune, both to him and his sister.

One bright August morning, very early, before breakfast a long time, an old woman, very strangely dressed, with a coarse blue bag slung over her left shoulder and under her right arm, appeared on the beach, and after watching the sea for some time, stooped down, and was apparently searching for curious pebbles.

Her costume was certainly remarkable: her dress was very short, and made of the largest possible patterned chintz; her mantle was of black silk, and reached almost to the bottom of her dress; her bonnet, oh! I could not describe her bonnet. It was one of those they called coal-scuttles, and the largest and most frightful of its kind. It was covered with a large white veil, of the most costly and expensive lace; but it was very yellow, and not much to look at to people who did not understand that sort of thing.

As soon as the fisher-boys perceived this strange figure they set up a shout of derision, and some of them even went so far as to run up to her and twitch her mantle. One rude fellow actually bawled out to her—

"How much a yard did you pay for your dress, old

girl? I should like to buy some like it for my sweet heart."

Harry Dingle was at some distance, but hearing the shouts, and seeing the crowd of boys, and the poor bewildered woman in the midst, he guessed the "wind was in the mischief quarter," as he said, and hastened to the spot.

"Can't you let the poor old woman alone?" he shouted. "What mean-spirited creatures you must be, to fix on an old lady like that! Why, Jack Stiles, I'm ashamed of you. Look here now," he continued, as the boys did not seem inclined to leave off, but were about to attack the old lady again—"look here, if you boys don't let the poor old soul alone, I'll fight every mother's son of you, one after the other."

Then, turning to the old lady, he said, "What are you looking for, ma'am? Pebbles? Don't you be frightened; they shan't hurt you while I'm here;" and he turned such a bold and determined front to the boys, who were in a group at a little distance, that they thought discretion was the better part of valour, and marched off.

"We don't want no rows with 'Arry," said Jack Stiles; "but I never see such a chap as he is for interfering with larks."

"No more did I," said Bob Giles; "but we made the old gal pant, didn't us, Jack?" and the friends walked off, laughing.

Meanwhile the old lady had thanked Harry for his service, in a very kind tone, at the same time talking very angrily about the other fisher-boys.

"Young barbarians!" she said—"how dare they insult a lady who chooses to amuse herself by collecting pretty pebbles?"

"Do you like pretty pebbles, ma'am?" said Harry; "here is a beauty;" and he took a beautiful stone out of his pocket and gave it her. "I picked this up coming along, ma'am," he said: "you may have it, if you like. I did mean to give it to Jenny; but she has lots more something like it."

"Thank you," said the old lady, as she dropped the pebble into her blue bag; "and who is Jenny?"

"Jenny, ma'am, is my poor little sister. She's a cripple; and pebbles, or flowers, or any pretty things like that, please her very much indeed."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the old lady. "A cripple, eh! How sad to be sure, very sad! A cripple, and so poor." Then she turned round full upon Harry, and said, "I should like to see Jenny—can't you take me now?"

"If you like, ma'am," said Harry; "but it's a very poor place, very poor indeed. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go there; but it's very clean, for though poor Jenny cannot do much, our neighbours are very kind, and wash the room and make everything so bright and clean. The poor are very good to each other, ma'am—very good, when they are really kind people."

"Yes, I believe they are sometimes—I believe they are," replied the old lady; "and, as for your poor place, so long as it's clean, I've no objection to the poverty of it."



